A COLLECTION OF New State SONGS, IN Old Popular TUNES;

Devoted to

The Uſe of good *Singers*; the Solace of good *Subjects*; and the Joyous *Feſtivals* of *Sheep-Sheerings*, *Harveſt-Homes*, *Whitſon-Ales*, and *Country-Wakes*.

By JEREMIAH VAN JEWS-TRUMP, *Eſq*;

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550!

A

SONG.

Tune of, *The Country Farmer. Hark, hark the Cock crows, 'tis Day all abroad,* &c.

I.

AS Perkin was hence excluded long ſince,
And *Jacobites* all were diſcarded,
What mean the dull Sots, to ſet ope' their Throats,
And think they can e'er be regarded:
Can *Pop'ry* or *Slav'ry*,
Their *Nonſence* or *Knav'ry*,
With *Freedom* e'er have Compitition;
Can *Turncoats* and *Traitors*
E'er gull thus their *Betters*,
To Truck for ſuch dirty *Conditions*.

II.

Tho' CAL-B and F-O, each Snarl like a Dog,
And tell us the *Sun* ſets at Noon Boys;
The *Loyal* will laugh, be joval and ſafe,
And leave them to bark at the *Moon* Boys:
Tho' *Falſhood* and *Faction*
Can *libel* each Action
That tend to the Welfare of *Britain*;
Tho' *Malecontents* read 'em,
Good *Subjects* ne'er heed 'em,
Nor mind how they wheedle or threaten.

III.

Outragious and mad when their *Country*'s glad,
The Joy they have is, when it's Sorry,
They're ſick at Succeſs, curſe when they ſhould bleſs,
Such is the *Jack* and the *Tory*:
In Writing or in Reading,
All Truth and good Breeding,
They'll drop for a miſchiev'ous Meaning;
Their *Chiefs* are turn'd Scriblers,
All Wranglers and Quiblers,
Of ev'ry *Faction* the Gleaning.

IV.

When GAMBOL was *Set*. he ventur'd his Neck,
To bring in a popiſh *Pretender*;
A *Peace* they did make, contriv'd for his Sake,
Of *Faith*, a moſt hopeful *Defender*:
And ſhall ſuch ſad *Fellows*
As late 'ſcap'd the *Gallows*,
Set up to be *Patriots* and *Heroes*;
By Force of Grimaces
E'er climb up to *Places*
In any Reign but ſuch as NERO's.

V.

AUGUSTUS more wiſe, ſuch Traſh can deſpiſe,
And leave them to wrangle and periſh;
Whilſt *Virtue* and *Worth*, where-e'er they ſpring forth,
His Favour protect will and cheriſh:
Who values a *Faction*
That lives by Detraction,
Would riſe by the *Publick* Confuſion;
But find their *Haranguing*
A Prologue to *Hanging*,
Or ſome ſuch-like ſhameful *Concluſion*.

THE Political PAIR:

OR, THE STATE GOSSIPS.

A SONG.

Tune of, *Gossip* Joan.

I.

GOOD Morrow Gossip Will,
To Fr-nkl-n's wilt thou wander?
I've Venom for thy Quil,
A Budget full of Slander,
Gossip Will.

II.

My Honour's fled away,
My Conscience dead and rotten;
I've turn'd my Coat each Day,
But nothing have I gotten,
Gossip Will.

III. I've

III.

I've forfeited the *Grace*
Done me by the late K--G, Sir,
And ſince kept out of *Place*,
Have rail'd like any Thing, Sir,
Goſſip WILL.

IV.

My *Gooſe* is grown an *Owl*,
And hoots without a Reaſon;
The *Hen* has hatch'd a *Fowl*,
And cackl'd out of Seaſon,
Goſſip WILL.

V.

I thought when late *betray'd*
By you ſome *Converſation*,
Or *Calumny diſplay'd*,
We ſhould have come in Faſhion,
Goſſip WILL.

VI.

But *Raving* will not do;
No, nor *Cajoling* neither;
Yet *Miſchief* we'll purſue,
And Stand or Fall together,
Goſſip WILL.

VII. Could

VII.

Could *Slander* be believ'd,
Our *Foes* fall by *Detraction*,
Or *M-j--ty* deceiv'd,
We might maintain our *Faction*,
Goſſip WILL.

VIII.

But all the *World*'s at Reſt;
AUGUSTUS has the *Glory*;
The *Britons* know they are bleſt;
What *Courſe* now lyes before ye,
Goſſip WILL?

IX.

* Tho' driven to Extreams, * *Will.* to *Hal.*
We yet will ſow Diviſions;
I'll have Recourſe to *Dreams*,
And thou ſhalt have thy *Viſions*,
Goſſip HAL.

X.

Corruption is a *Dream*
Well told, the *Whigs* may lurch, Sir,
As did of old your *Whim*,
O th' Danger of the *Church*, Sir,
Goſſip HAL.

XI. When

XI.

When *War* had gain'd our Ends,
Your *Peace* in ANNA's Reign, Sir,
Lurch'd *Britain* and her *Friends*,
And gave to BOURBON *Spain*, Sir.
Goſſip HAL.

XII.

Now *Harmony* ſhall ceaſe
If any *String* will jar, Sir;
Spite of the boaſted *Peace*
We'll plunge them in a *W-r*, Sir,
Goſſip HAL.

XIII.

And if our *Frog* ſwell not
In Size up to their *Oxe*, Sir,
I'll be content to rot
As you do with the P-x, Sir,
Goſſip HAL.

THE

THE MOCK PATRIOTS.

A SONG.

Tune of, *To you fair Ladies now at Land.*

I.

TO all ye *Patriots* now at *Home*,
And thoſe *Abroad*, I write;
Faſt Friends of PERKIN and of *Rome*,
True Sons of *Gall* and *Spite*:
A modern *Patriot* is a Thing
Regards no *Laws*, reveres no *K--g*.
With a fa la, &c.

II.

The *Patriots* (once a glorious Name)
Curb'd *Tyrants* heretofore,
Aſſum'd now but to veil our Shame,
Who'd *Tyranny* reſtore:
Obnoxious now the glorious *Name*,
Since made a Cloak to hide our Shame.
With a fa la, &c.

III. The

III.

The *Peace* so lately made, my *Friends*,
Proves a most fatal Stroke;
By it BRITANNIA gains her Ends,
By it our *Gall* is broke:
A *Patriot* now's a *bitter* Thing,
Rails at the *State*, reviles the *K--g*.
With a fa la, &c.

IV.

In vain we *Scribble* and *Declaim*;
In vain we *Rail* or *Scoff*;
Our Malice but betrays our Shame,
The *Winners* have the Laugh:
A *Patriot* now's a ſpiteful Thing,
Rails at the *State*, reviles the *K--g*.
With a fa la, &c.

V.

Tho' needful ſtill we vent our Spite,
Let's wary be and wiſe;
And well conſider what we write,
Safe Methods to deviſe:
For CAL-B now, and Brother F-G,
Both feel the *Laſh*, both wear the *Clog*.
With a fa la, &c.

VI.

Their *Zeal*, which ne'er could be confin'd
By *Reaſon*, *Truth* or *Law*,
In *Dreams* can now ſafe Utt'rance find,
Sham *Parallels* can draw;
Abuſe the *State*, affront the *K--g*,
Elude the *Law*, evade its Sting.
With a fa la, &c.

VII.

To Arguments we have Recourſe,
Oft us'd in *Right*'s Defence;
And level them with all their Force
Againſt our rightful *Pr-nce*:
With *Engines* rais'd gainſt *France* and *Rome*,
We batter *Church* and *State* at Home.
With a fa la, &c.

VIII.

Not that a *Church* or *State*'s the Thing,
We mean by all we've ſaid;
For any *G-d*, or any *K--g*,
Wou'd do were we at *Head*:
Being out o'*Place* alone's the Cauſe,
We curſe the *State*, contemn the *Laws*.
With a fa la, &c.

IX. Tho'

IX.

Tho' *former Patriots* all it's true,
Made *Publick* Good their Aim,
And did thoſe ſhining *Tracks* purſue,
Which led to deathleſs *Fame*:
We *Moderns* by *Deſpair* or *Hate*,
Now tempt a very diff'rent *Fate*.
With a ſa la, &c.

X.

But what is *Fate* or what is *Fame*,
Or what is *Truth* or *Right*?
We have a *Cauſe* without a *Name*,
A *Zeal* which ſhuns the *Light*:
Some riſe by *Worth*, ſome by the *String*,
And we will *Rule*, or we will *Swing*.
With a ſa la, &c.

A

KNAVE at the Bottom:

OR, THE

Dealer ſure of a Trump.

Tune of, *Hey Boys, up go we.*

I.

QUOTH HAL to WILL the other Day,
As they *caball'd* together;
We and our *Wights* muſt come in *Play*,
In ſpite of Wind and Weather:
A Fig for Fate, we'll blaſt each Scheme,
The *Primi'r* is purſuing;
We'll cry him down, or blow him up,
Tho' buried in his Ruin.

II.

As one can *Fight*, and both can *Write*,
For F-G and CAL-B, Slander;
We muſt in Time ſubdue the *Knight*,
Tho' great as ALEXANDER:

What

What tho' he fix'd his *Country*'s Peace,
And beſt can ſerve his *M-ſt-r*;
Mobs ſtill miſtake our *Swans* for *Geeſe*,
The *Wounds* we give, for *Plaiſter*.

III.

Let *Sots* too dull to diſobey,
Trudge on in *Tracks* of Honour;
We *Friend* and *Country* muſt betray,
Bring ev'ry Plague upon her:
All *Faith* renounce to tumble down,
Each *M-n-ſt-r* from *Place*;
Tho' *Mitre* ſhake, tho' totter *Cr--n*,
We riſe by their *Diſgrace*.

IV.

Let *Broils* inteſtine toſs the *St-te*,
E'en like a *Tennis-Ball*;
While we deſtroy the *Worth* we hate,
And triumph in its Fall:
Should *K--gly* Pow'r grow Abſolute,
Or *Mobs* make *K--gs* Obey;
Shou'd *Chaos* reign, we'd not diſpute,
Cou'd we direct its *Sway*.

V. But

V.

But what is *Law* or *Liberty*,
When we have no Command;
I'd curſe the Fate of being *Free*,
From any other Hand:
To th' *Dealer* turn expecting *Elves*,
Whoſe *Trump* their *Game* regards,
We'll *Cut* and *Shuffle* for ourſelves,
Or, zoons! throw up the *Cards*.

A

SONG.

Tune of, *What-tho' they call me Country Laſs.*

I.

WHAT tho' they call me *Turncoat* Aſs,
From C-----l B--k my Name eraſe;
Yet for a *Patriot* I might paſs,
Oh! cou'd I ſee the Day:
Wou'd *Faction* but attend my Call,
At *C---t*, in *Camp*, and *S-nate-Hall*,
I'd brave the *nobleſt* of them all,
With a ſtand by, clear the Way.

II.

Surrounded by a *Rabble Throng*,
To rail down *Right*, and cry up *Wrong*,
And *Hail* me as I *Stump* along,
Oh! cou'd I ſee the Day:

Then

Then I to *rule the Roaſt* ſhould riſe;
In *Dreams* no more my *Aims* diſguiſe,
But bareface'd I wou'd Tyrannize,
And wou'd make the *Laws* give Way.

III.

Tho' now for *Liberty* I write,
'Tis Liberty to vent my Spite,
And mean to force Advancement by't,
And crowd myſelf in *Play*:
Then let them ſtyle me an *Ingrate*,
I claim the *Property* to *hate*,
The *Cr--n*, which gave me my Eſtate,
And ſubvert its *Right* to *ſway*.

IV.

Our *Govern-rs*, I own, are wiſe,
But I too *dream* I have my Eyes,
And ſhall all other *Lights* deſpiſe,
Oh! cou'd I come in *Play*:
I ſoon eclipſe wou'd all beſide,
Wou'd o'er their *Necks* in Triumph ride,
For who *Obedience* can abide,
That *dreams* he ſhou'd bear the *Sway*.

V. Tho'

V.

Tho' born no *K--g*, yet bred no *Fool*,
I rather than *Obey* wou'd *Rule*,
And ſhall all *R-lers* ridicule,
And by it riſe or fall:
I'll ſtand the *Chance*, will throw the *Die*,
I'll *Nick*, or know the Reaſon why;
I'll *Tyrant* reign, or *Tr-tor* die,
I'll *rule*, or I'll *ruin* all.

THE MISTAKE. A SONG.

Tune of, *A Cobler there was*, &c.

I.

A *Stateſman* there was
Who ſtill bent on Extremes,
Swore Faith to Queen ANNE,
But reſerv'd it for J-MES;
Who roſe by the *firſt*,
But would fall for the *laſt*,
And jaded the *Cauſe*
By his riding ſo faſt.

Derry down, &c.

II.

He had a *Dog's Trick* ſtill
Whene'er he was drunk,
Wou'd *ſwerve* from the *State*, Sir,
And *cleave* to ſome *Punk*;

With

With *Women* and *Wine*
He wou'd *Buſineſs* confound,
Which made his fine *Schemes*
Go ſo ſwimmingly round.

Derry down, &c.

III.

It chanc'd on a Day,
When *State* Buſineſs came thick
To th' *Office*, where this
Sober *Stateſman* was *Sec.*
Diſpatches, tho' writ,
He'd a *Girl* in his Pate,
And made an *Aſſig.*
Tho' the *Couriers* did wait.

Derry down, &c.

IV.

One written in haſte,
Other *Matters* let ſtand,
He rung for a *Pimp*
He had always at Hand,
Who catch'd up a *Pacquet*,
To th' *Emp---r* meant,
Which, with all its *Titles*,
To MOLLY was ſent.

Derry down, &c.

V. Poor

V.

Poor MOLL in high Glee
From the Moment it came,
Aſſum'd all the *Airs* of
Imperial *Dame*;
The *Gender* miſtaken
She counted a Skit,
His L--dſhip made choice of
To ſhew her his Wit.

Derry down, &c.

VI.

That meant for *Dear* MOLL,
To th' Emp---r went,
But *M-jeſty* not with
Such Freedoms content;
Firſt wonder'd the *State*
Could employ ſuch a Man, Sir,
Then ſent it back open
Without any Anſwer.

Derry down, &c.

VII.

All *Europe* was gay then,
And laught at the *Jeſt*,
And own'd we excell'd them
In *Tumblers* at leaſt;

E'en *Stateſmen* ſo grave
Cou'd not let the *Joke* paſs,
While GAMBOL enjoy'd ſtill
His Whore and his Glaſs.

Derry down, &c.

VIII.

But *Matters* ſo manag'd
Muſt have an odd End,
And *Talents* ſo uſeleſs
Deſpair of a Friend;
So GAMBOL for *Treaſon*
His *Country* fled,
And by *Royal Grace* now
Appears with his *Head*.

Derry down, &c.

IX.

Yet this is the Man, Sir,
Would now be *employ'd*;
This is the very Man
In whom none can confide:
Tho' thoſe that beſt know him
Affirm its *Grimace*,
And ſay he's beſt *pleas'd*
With his *Whore* and his *Glaſs*.

Derry down, &c.

THE

THE Confeſſion, Impenitence, and Deſpair OF *HAL. GAMBOL.*

Tune of, *The Dame of Honour.*

I.

THO' Times are turn'd, I'm ſtill the ſame,
No *Changling* as you ſee, Sir;
For which I'm counted much to blame,
But what's all that to me, Sir:
Two *Reigns* ago I held a *Place*,
Tho' young, a raw Beginner,
And wanton'd in my *Sov'reign*'s Grace,
When I was a *graceleſs* Sinner.

II.

When good Queen ANNE diſmiſs'd her Friends,
And plac'd her *Foes* about her;
The Moment we had gain'd our Ends,
We meant to do without her:

There

There was a reptile vagrant *Thing*,
That ſtroll'd in Queſt of Dinner,
We purpos'd to have made our K--g,
When I was a *graceleſs* Sinner.

III.

Therefore with *France* we *Peace* did make,
And gave back what was *won*, Sir;
Gave LEWIS Pow'r, for PERKIN's ſake,
To mount him on the *Throne*, Sir:
The *Army* broke, our *Gen'ral* too,
In *War* a conſtant *Winner*;
To PERKIN I was always true,
When I was a *graceleſs* Sinner.

IV.

Our *Royal Miſtreſs* lov'd the *Church*,
And ſo we all pretended;
But ſoon had left it in the Lurch,
With *her* that it *defended*:
Had J---Y come at my Requeſt,
Whilſt *Phyſick* kept Life in her,
I'd ſent her then to Place of *Reſt*,
When I was a *graceleſs* Sinner.

V. But

V.

But *Whigs* came in, and we turn'd *out*,
The Moment ſhe was dead, Sir;
Each ſcamper'd, total was the *Rout*,
And to *Heels* ow'd his *Head*, Sir:
Poſt-haſte, by ſeveral Ways, we drive,
Thro' *thick* as well as *thinner*,
To join our monkiſh *Fugitive*,
When I was a *graceleſs* Sinner.

VI.

There each defy'd his *Country's Laws*,
And did with PERKIN range, Sir;
Till finding 'twas a *ſtarving* Cauſe,
Some ſicken'd at the Change, Sir:
We *Vags* that *ſtroll* from Place to Place,
To *Gypſies* next a-kin are;
I ſu'd at *Home* for Act of *Grace*,
When I was a *graceleſs* Sinner.

VII.

Which when obtain'd, I dreamt *they* would
Again try my Behaviour;
But find th' *Attainder* of my Blood
Revers'd, no Step to *Favour*.

Elſe by my youthful *Rakery*,
It cooler runs, thinner
Yet barr'd by foul *Apoſtacy*,
I'm left now a *graceleſs* Sinner.

VIII.

What then? a *Patriot* now I ſtand,
For I muſt ſtill be doing;
And if I may not ride the *Land*,
Reſolve its Peace to ruin.
A *Patriot* is a ſtubborn Thing
That ſtoops not for a Dinner;
Will *loſe the Horſe, or Saddle win*,
Altho' but a *graceleſs* Sinner.

IX.

To PERKIN thus I'm turn'd about,
Like Needle to the *North*, Sir,
And write to raiſe a *rabble Rout*,
And call *Confuſion* forth, Sir:
I teach the *Church* can ne'er be ſafe,
But in a popiſh *Pr--ce*, Sir;
At which, I'm told, ſome People laugh,
That counted are Men of Senſe, Sir.

X.

I preach, that *Peace* will ruin *Trade*,
A *War* enrich the *Nation*;
That *Harmony*'s a Tune ill play'd,
And *Order* is *Deſolation*:
That *Laws* will eat up *Liberty*,
And *Freedom* quite *enſlave* us;
And that a popiſh *Tyranny*,
The only Thing is can *ſave* us.

XI.

Theſe *Doctrines* tho' oft prov'd as true,
As two and two make five, Sir,
Have little Uſe, convince ſo few,
Scarce *Faction* keeps alive, Sir:
Of *Coblers* one, of *Botchers* two,
Nine *Knitters* and one *Spinner*;
No Mortal elſe believes them true,
So *graceleſs* now is a Sinner.

XII.

So common too is grown good Senſe,
That I and *Cater-Couſin*,
With our joint Skill cou'd ne'er convince,
Above this *Baker*'s *Dozen*:

Right will be *right* in ſpite of *Wrong*,
And *Truth* be *Truth* Dev'l's in her;
Whence black *Deſpair* concludes the Song
Of a *hopeleſs*, *graceleſs* Sinner.

A

SONG.

Tune of, *Down among the dead Men*, &c.

I.

THO' Wiſdom and Juſtice ſteer the *Helm*,
And Commerce and Peace enrich the *Realm*;
Tho' *Laws* we deriv'd ſtill keep us *Free*,
And deſcend will to *Poſterity*:
Yet Sons of *Faction* Facts deny.
Down among the dead Men, down, &c.

II.

Now bleſt with a MONARCH firmly Great,
The tend'reſt *Father* to the *State*;
Who exerts no Pow'r, erects no *Sway*,
But by the ſame *Laws* which we *obey*.
Can F-G and CAL-B this deny?
Down among, &c.

III. His

III.

His CONSORT as rich in ev'ry *Grace*,
As in 't fair *Pledges* of *Royal Race*;
BRITANNIA's Boasts, to Honour train'd,
And bless our *Posterity* ordain'd.
Can F-G and CAL-B this deny?
Down among, &c.

IV.

His MINISTERS try'd, and found as true
As *Sparta* or *Rome* of old e'er knew,
Whose *publick Merits* gave them pretence
To *Trust*, of *Talents* to serve their *Prince*.
Can F-G and CAL-B this deny?
Down among, &c.

V.

The *Chief* most abus'd by canker'd Spite,
Confed'rate Malice black as Night;
His stronger Virtue bright'ning thus,
Till FABIUS like, he's MAXIMUS.
Can F-G and CAL-B this deny?
Down among, &c.

VI. Then

VI.

Then pray for the *King*, and firmly *obey*,
Maintain the *Laws*, ſupport his *Sway*;
Let *Faction* be *dumb*, and *Diſcord* ceaſe,
And wiſely enjoy the *Fruits* of *Peace*.
And ſuch as ſtill can this deny,
Down among, &c.

IV.

FINIS.

